

HUDIBRAS.

THE

Third and Last

PART.

Written by the AUTHOR

OF THE

FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

LONDON,

Printed for Thomas Horne, at the South Entrance
of the Royal Exchange, MDCCIV.

*Licensed and Entered according to the Act
of Parliament for Printing.*



HUDIBRAS.

The Third and last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.*

*They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T'enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too :
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble,
While those who sillily pursue
The Simple, Dow~~aright~~ Way and True,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And steer against the stream their Passions.
Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars* :
And when the Ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to cross their *wooing* ;
When only by themselves they're hindred,
For trusting *those* *they made her Kindred* :
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle *Bride* ?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed ?
Leap'd headlong in't *Elyzium*,
Through th' Windows of a dazzling Room ?
But

CANTO I.

3

But, for some croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind so much in use ;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his *Amours*,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No sooner was the Bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,
With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover* :
As he was always wont to do
When h' had Discomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philers*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.
But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For such a Conqueror, to meddle
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle* ;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostels*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery *Justice* ;

A 3

Who

Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded.
With red-hot Irons have past bare handed ;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*,
P th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse,
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the *Devil* might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*,
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
And thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter ;
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest o'er the fierce *Magician* ;
Describe the Manner of the Fray,
And shew the Spoils he brought away ;
His bloody Scourging aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight :
All which might probably succeed,
And gain Belief h' had done the Deed.

Which

CANTO I.

5

Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his Soul to swear;
But, rather than produce his Back,
To set his Conscience on the Rack:
And in pursuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,
And cut whole Gyants into Fritters,
To put them into amorous Twitterrs;
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd so sore
They durst not more one Combat more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spanish Heroes* with their Lances,
At once wound Bulls and *Ladies Fancies*:

A 4

And

And he acquires the noblest Spouse
That Widows greatest Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd so vast a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey ;
Who sent him for a strong *Detachment*
Of *Beadle*, *Constable*, and *Watchmen*,
To attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fast,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims* and *Jiggumbobs*,
Which he by Hook or Crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions feather'd :
And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither Halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be ~~messary~~ : But

CANTO I.

7

But rather wisely slip his Fetter,
And leavethem for the *Knight*, his *Bettors*.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside.
Without all possible evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation*.
And therefore much about the hour,
The *Knight* (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Fury*.
The *Squire* concur'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out ;
His firm and stedfast Resolution,
To swear her to an *Execution* :
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.

In

In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *Cousin-Germain Saint*.
But e'er the *Knight* could do his part,
The *Squire* had got so much the start,
H' had to the *Lady* done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court ;
And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her ;
And now began t' approach the Door ;
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring after *Longees*,
Of humble and submissive *Congees*,

And

CANTO I.

9

And all due Ceremonies paid,
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said.

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye;
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so. The thing's done,
Or may I never see the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your Gentle Hand:
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But she, who well enough knew what
Before he spoke (he would) be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Mystery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark Expressions less profound.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove,
How much I've suffer'd for your Love,
Which

IO CANTO I.

Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin :
And, for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces,
Quoth he, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns your self, not me, to know.
But if you have I shall confess,
Y' are honester than I could guess.
Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath ;
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't ;
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think does give the best Security.

Quoth

CANTO I.

II

Quoth she, Some say, the Soul's secure
Against Distress and Forfeiture ;
Is free from Action and exempt
From Execution and Contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other World, 's illegal here :
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For most Men carry things so even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together ;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.
For that, *quoth he,* 'tis rational,
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourse
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every-where ;
When

When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed ;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage past :
For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and False :
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
Quoth she, What is it you would Swear ?
There's no believing till I hear :
For till th' are understood, all Tales
(Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.
Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my Exercise,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes ;
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Castle is enchanted
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two :

Before

Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable Noise
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth:
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Flay,
Unless thou presently make haste.
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horrour of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load:

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And Chast Contemplative Bardashing.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies') arm'd
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
In hast I snatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop ;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageously on *Sidrophel* :
Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear ;
When I as furiously prest on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run.

Laid

Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a Goose,
Div'd under Water in a Pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.
But bravely scorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Bloud and vile ;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiously laid on ;
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir :
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich :
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Designs of Thievery or Love ;

With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit ;
Kill Pigs and Geese with poud'red Glass,
And make it for Inchantments pass ;
With Cow-ich meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper ;
Make Leaches and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantaftical Advowtry ;
Bewitch Hermetick Men to run
Stark staring mad with *Manicon* ;
Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi* ;
Can raise 'em Moutains in *Potosi* ;
And sillier than the Antick Fools,
Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals :
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of Universal Cures ;
With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,
Make People on their Heads to pass :
And mighty heaps of Coyn increase,
Reflected from a single Piece :
To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches ;
And

And keep me in continual Fears;
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When less Delinquents have been scourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,
Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn!
I pity'd the sad Punishment
The *wretched* *Caitiff* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones* ;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they Slash and cut to Picces,
Do all with civillest addresses :
Their Horses never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore spat'd his Flesh, and prest him
About the Witch with many a Question.
Quoth he; For many Years he drove
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust ;
Of feeble Speculative Lust ;

Procurer to th' Extravagancy
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,
By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a Virtuosi, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his Talent most Adroit
For any Mystical Exploit ;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds,
Bus as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get ;
For those that do his business best,
In Hell are us'd the ruggedest,
Before so meriting a Person
Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
He serv'd two Prentiships and longer
I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as some write) a Witch's Ghost,
As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after searching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancashire*,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats :
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes ;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or *Pharob*'s Wizard could their Switches ;
And all whith whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.
Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beastly Shape reduc'd.
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
He crams in nasty Crevises,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me relish for Deserts,
And one by one with shame and Fear
Lick up the candi'd Provender.

Beside — But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady stopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear :
If half those things (*said she*) be true.
(Th' are all (*quoth he*) I swear by you :)
Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*
Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell ;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a *Lapland* Hag,
In Quest of you came hither Post,
Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most ;
Who told me all you Swear and Say,
Quite contrary another way ;
Vow'd, that you came to him to know,
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hir'd him and his Imps.
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' ingage the Devil on your side,
And steal (like *Proserpine*) your Bride.
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a Design and base,

You
you

You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin ;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard ;
And left him Dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruise and desperate Wound ;
Swore you had broke and rob'd his House,
And stole his *Talismanique Louse*,
And all his New found Old Inventions ;
VVith flat Felonious Intentions ;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for and paid ;
His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Punese*.
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ablest Artists of the Trade ;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And all together might amount
To many Hundreds on Account :
For which h' had got sufficient Warrant
To seize the Malefactors Errant,

Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail ;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To serve for Pendulums to Watches ;
Which modern Virtuoso's say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That e'er he went in Quest of you,
He set a Figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear, that to betray
Your selves and me, you fled this way ;
And that he was upon persuit,
To take you somewhere here about.
He vow'd h' had Intelligence
Of all that past before and since :
And found, that e'er you came to him,
Y' had been ingaging Life and Limb,
About a Case of tender Conscience,
Where both abounded in your own Sense ;
Till *Ralpho*, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case ;

And

And prov'd that you might swear, and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, most basely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You strove t' oblige him by main force,
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours,
But that he stood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd ;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his Eyes to white.
(As Men of Inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do :
Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,
As if h' had been to be Arraign'd :
Cast tow'r'd the Door a ghastly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.
Madam, If but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,

Or

Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
These Reliques of your constant Lover.
You have provided well, *quoth she*,
(I thank you) for your self and me ;
And shewn your Presbyterian Wits
Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.
A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and Those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell surprize.
That trick (*said she*) will not pass twice :
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing (*ing* ;
What you would prove, than *downright Swear*.
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet
Enough

Enough to serve for satisfaction

Of nicest scruples in the Action.

And if you can produce those Knobs,

Although th'are but the Witches Drubs,

I'll pass them all upon account,

As if your natural Self had don't.

Provided that they pass th' Opinion

Of able Juries of old Women,

Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts

For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam, (*quoth he*) your Love a Million,

To do, is less, than to be willing,

As I am, were it in my pow'r

T' obey, what you command, and more.

But for performing what I bid,

I thank y' as much as if I did.

You know I ought to have a care

To keep my Wounds from taking Air :

For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,

Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels

Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels ;

For

For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me ?
Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word
You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages ;
Two things that naturally pres
Too narrowly, to be a tease.
Their bus'ness there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be against its Nature ty'd :
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd ;

And

And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the Freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away :
And therefore never can comply,
T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail ;
Like *Roman* Gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'it Lover
Gives best security, to suffer.
Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way ;
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd :
A Bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade,
(For what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold ?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low :

And

And at the best is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part;
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid,
And all the rest of bett'r or worse
Both are but Losers out of Purse.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or Wager laid at six and sev'n ;
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Childrens Tenants e'er th' are born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e'er they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:
For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the Island, with four Seas;
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
And

And make him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling ;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to Justifie,
Nor at her proper Cost and Charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were those obedient
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent ;
To give the Cheats the eldest hand
In foul Play, by the Laws o'th Land ;
For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been rundown in Courts, and truckl'd,
A Law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age or Quality ;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgment past for better or worse;

Will

Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Hor-
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces ;
While nothing else but *Rem* in *Re*
Can set the proudest Wretches free ;
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring :
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;
So Men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooze.
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
Like *Indian-Widows*, gone to Bed
In flaming Curtains to the Dead :
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Nor do the Ladies want excuse
For all the Stratagems they use,

To

To gain th' Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.
For as the Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one :
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch ;
Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire ;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when h's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery ;
And off the loud Oaths, go but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.

Hence tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance :
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry :
And ere they venture on a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty'ſt Ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare Marry,
But rather trust on tick t' Amours,
The Cross and Pile for bett'r or Worse :
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French* and fashionable,
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite ;
Still am'rous, and fond, and billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling,

Th'

Th' have more Punctilio's and Caprices
Between the Petticoat and Breeches;
More petulant Extravagancies,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances,
Though, when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames;
We hear no more of Charms and Flames :
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine ;
And all their Catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques :
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd;
By th' Yellow Mantau's of the Bride;
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Crincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove :
But all the Mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out,
For though Chineses go to Bed,
And lie In in their Ladies stead,
And for the Pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more :

Our Green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in Labour of a Clap ;
Both lay the Child to one another :
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
Or who imported the *French Goods*.
But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship only when th' are found :
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares :
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes
As artificial as their Faces ;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants ;

Until

Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses
Her Complaisance and Gentilesses ;
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' easie owner.
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave ;
Finds all his Having and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding.
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leatherne Shields too strong,
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into *Rams* and *Goats*,
Like *Sirens* with their charming Notes,
Sweet as a *Screech Owl's* Serenade,
Or those enchanting Murmurs made

By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These Reasons are but Strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in *Paradise*,
Until he was Created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up-Paps appears,
His Body, that stupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape and Symmetry exact,
Of which the Left and Female side
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,

Both

Both joyn'd together with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those heaven'ly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World surprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like those in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
Twould fright as much to look upon :
And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears ;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul design'd.
But those that serve the Body alone,
Are single, and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And close at th' Aequinoctial, fit;

And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter :
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or smallest Blade of Grafs, receive.

All which sufficiently declare
How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that she uses,
In all the Wonders she produces.

And those that take their Rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.

For what secures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children, and a Wife ;
That lie like Hostages, at stake,
To pay for all Men undertake ;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born, and breath, to Marry ;
So Universal, all Mankind
In nothing else is of one mind.

For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion ;
Unless among the *Amazons*,
Or vestal *Friars*, and Cloister'd *Nuns*,

Or

Or Stoicks, who, to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Preposterously would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Than th' are supply'd with now by Wives ;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts do, of their Native Growths :
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not fuffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit , . .
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it ?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Scttlements,
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth,
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs ?
And what security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes ?

What

What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State ?
For all th' Amour of Princes are
But Guarranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,
Make Bloud and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Contests for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage !
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride ;
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as Due Benevolence ;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme Coverts to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The virtuous Matron, and the Miss ;

The

CANTO I.

41

The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
The same with those in Lewkner's Lane ;
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradise on Earth ;
A Privilege so Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield ;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater Freedom to the Spouse ;
The Reason is, Because the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life ;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of :
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.

Unless

Unless both Parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some Fits of small Contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometime) serves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace,
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post ;
Yet when th' are at their Race's Ends,
Th' are still as kind and constant Friends;
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease :
So all those false Alarms of Strife,
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.

Nor

Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
Than as th' are relish'd, Sweet or Sour :
Like Musick, that proves bad, or good
According as 'tis understood.

In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns :
And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.

Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?

For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
And Curses are a kind of Prayers :
Too slight Alloys for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.

For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of Love perpetual.

An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Register'd above,
To seal the slippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.

And

And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away, and all it has ;
And like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover ?

I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few
Who take that course and find it true :
But Millions, whom the same does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than Gamesters, when they play a Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away ?

To

To change the property of selves
As fucking Children are by Elves ?
And if they use their Persons so,
What will they to their Fortunes do ?
Their Fortunes ! the perpetual aims
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods — but spoke ;
(The Formal Livery and Seisin
That puts a Lover in possession)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.
To that their Faith is still made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours.
Our Money's now become the Miss,
Of all your Lives and Services ;
And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd,
Which as it made y' at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,

Until

Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been for new Amours.
For what did ever Heiress yet
By being born to Lordships get ?
When the more Lady sh' is of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepaners,
Pays for their Projects and Designs,
And, for her own destruction, Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Dev'l does Witches ;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
Is bought and sold, like stollen goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bauds ;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,

Th'

Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
To Portions and Inheritances,
Your Love-sick Raptures for fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition ;
To which you make Address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to Worship,
That th' Infants Fortunes may pertake
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
For these, you play at Purposes,
And love your Loves with *A's* and *B's* :
For these, at *Beast* and *L' hombre* woe,
And play for Love and Money too ;
Strive who shall be the ablest Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan,
And who the most genteelly bred
At sucking of a Vizard Bead,
How best t' accost us in all Quarters
T' our question-and-command New Garters ;
And solidy discoturſe upon
All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con.*
For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.

D

And

And when you have more Debts to pay
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,
And no way possible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd, past Amours ;
Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long since
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins ;
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord ! what an Am'rous thing is Want !
How Debts and Mortgages enchant !
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Execution save !
What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent !
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from *Scire Facias* ;
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge !

These

These are the highest Excellencies
Of all our true or false Pretences.

And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t' an Hostess Dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale ;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Grace's in t' your Pocket.

By this time t' was grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in hast with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,

Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout ;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em ;
But in a Fury to fly at 'em ;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking.
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm resolv'd to break no Right
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here my self stand Sentinel,
To guard this Pass'gainst *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn tail :
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperat'st Attacks.

'At

CANTO I. 51

At this the Knight grew resolute
As *Ironside*, or *Haraldkнутe* ;
His Fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.
But she besought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door.
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Meanwhile, they knock'd against the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before ;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way.
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute :
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;

And all he encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face.
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd* :
Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be, underneath a Table ;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rare Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout ;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fansi'd th' Enemy had storm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences.

Which

Which Vulgars out of ignorance
Mistake, for falling in a Trance:
But those that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy :
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortress.
And as another of the same
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the same Cause had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By ven'tring only but to thrust
His Head a Span beyond his Post,
B' a Gen'ral of the *Cavaliers*,
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears ;
So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the Other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd scorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:

They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.
For when a *Man is past his Sense,*
'There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears or Nose,*
Or laying on of *heavy Blows.*
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof :
Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius,*
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent
For just Revenge and Punishment ;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession.

For

For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away ?
To spirit her to Matrimony — ?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That madem' apply t' your Croney Witches;
That in return would pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience :
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.
How wouldst th' have us'd her and her Mony ?
First, turn'd her up to Alimony ;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put of purpose, in the Deed ;
And bar her Widow's Making-over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.

What

What made thee pick and chuse her out,
To employ their Sorceries about ?
That which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us ?
I see you take me for an Ass :
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As't has been often found by Proof ;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for Candidates, and wooe.
Why didst thou forge those shameful Eyes,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise ?
That is no more than Authors give,
The Rabble credit to believe ;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say ;

Which

Which when 'tis natural and true,

Will be believ'd b' a very few.

Beside the Danger of Offence,

The Fatal Enemy of Sence.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,

Hypocrisie, to set up in? —

Because it is the thriving'st Calling,

The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;

In which all Churches are concern'd,

And is the easiest to be learn'd,

For no Degrees, unless th' employ'd,

Can ever gain much or enjoy't.

A Gift that is not only able

To domineer among the Rabble,

But by the Laws impower'd to rout

And awe the greatest that stand out.

Which few hold forth against, for fear

Their Hand should slip, and come too near.

For no Sin else among the Saints

Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted Vows?

That which makes others break a House,

And

And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being Poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your New Reformation:
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'l find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

?Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let them out by th' Year.

Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:

That as your Fellow-Friends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;

So are you like to be agen

Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy Scholar in this Mystery;

And

And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? — A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness? — Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience? — 'Tis a Bitch
That will not bear the gentlest Touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemical' st Plague-Sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? — To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience? — A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? — Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear? ...
About Two hundred Pounds a Year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? — Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? — Food and Cloaths.

What

What Laws and Freedom, Persecution? ---
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves? ...
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox? ----- Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The most notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against? —
'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse.
For Saints can need no Conscience,
That with Morality dispence;
As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature onl', and not imputed,
But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know or care to do.
What's Liberty of Conscience,
I' th' Natural and Genuine Sence? ---

'Tis

Tis to restore with more Security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity ;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the *Jews*.
For a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with *None*.

It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones ;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
(Though he gave's Name to our *Old Nick*)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i'th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Lights
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight ;
And left him in the dark alone,
With Stinks of Brimstone, and his own.
The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moist and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed and take her rest.

When

When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor :
And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Wizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. "Unhappy Wretch !
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch ?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade ?
By sauntring still on Iome Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy skin with swelling Knobs'
Of Cruel and hard wooded Drubs ?
For still th' hast had the worse on't yet,
As well in Conquest as Defeat."

Night

Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind.
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.

The Knight who heard the Words explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;

Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
That staid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of those h' had seen and felt
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.

When after a short Pause and Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the Ears;

And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinnacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory.

(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Disasters Rallies.)

Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded ;
And at a Riding handled worse,
With Treats more slovenly and course ;
Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,
And hot Disputes with Conjurers ;
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thy self away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
Would fain steal me too from my self,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for, and done :)
And now but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What twas that I design'd to do ?

His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long since,
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treach'rous Spy acquaints.
This is some Pettifogging Friend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Fiend's Fiend,
That

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand ;
And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,
And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.

I think I need not fear him for't :
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.

With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cry'd out, *What art ?*

A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.

I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right ;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast gues'd of me.

Thou art some Paltry, Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shooes :
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.

This is your business, good *Pug Robin*,
And your Diversion dull dry *Bobbing*,
T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (*quoth the Voice*) y' are no such Sophy
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our Talents
I'th' Standard of your own false Ballance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest,
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true to y' and intire
In all Adventures as your Squire,
Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:

For

For none could have betray'd us worse

Than those Allies of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a Token

To your Low-Country *Hogen Mogen*,

To whose Infernal Shores I hope

He'll swing, like Skippers, in a Rope.

And if y' have been more just to me

(As I am apt to think) than he,

I am afraid it is as True,

What th' Ill affected say of you,

Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause-

By holding up your Cloven Paws.

Sir, *quoth the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,

We made and took the Covenant.

But that no more concerns the Cause,

Than other Perj'ries do the Laws,

Which when they're prov'd in open Court,

Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

And that's the Reason Cov'nanters

Held up their Hands, like Rogues, at Bars.

I see, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence

These Scandals of the Saints commence,

That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds
Spun out oth' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, *quoth the Voice*, that may as true
And properly be said of you ;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do
Is only what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have Armies rais'd, to back
The Gospel-work you undertake :
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour ;
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance ;
Is ty'd up only to Design,
To marr, and tempt, and undermine :

In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your selves his Bettors too.
Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Because, unless you help the Elf,
He can do little of himself:
And therefore where he's best Possest,
Acts most against his Interest;
Surprizes none but those wh' have Priests
To turn him out, and Exorcists,
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
And Magazines of Ammunition,
With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixels,
The Tools of Working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
To oppose his Entrance if he strom'd.

He never offers to surprize, tho' they flattery
Altho' his falsest Enemies ; they show him
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
Who are but Jailours of their Goles
And Dungeous, where you clap up Souls ;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathema's ; from
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o'er
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Than all your Covenanting Trustees ;
Unless to punish them the worse,
You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls, as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
. And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Distain on Soul and Body too.

Thought

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof,
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourse
Has pas'd between your Friend and ours ;
That as you trust us in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,
We send you others of your own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or frightened with our Oratory,
To leap headlong many a Story ;
Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good ;
And if it were but in our Power,
We shou'd not Scruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

Right

Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful in Return.
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in Safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone :
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the *Spirit* grop'd about
To find th' Enchanted *Hero* out,
And try'd with hast to lift him up ;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
Received from hard-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Gresban* Carts, with Legs for wheels ;
But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
In danger of Relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its Aid,
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge :
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders ;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E'er he retriev'd the Champions Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale instead of Rack,
But ne're a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night to steal away ;

But

But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.
And groping out for *Ralph's* Jade,
He found the Saddle too was stray'd,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haft,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spur'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders*, to secure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.

The

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,
About their Carnal Interests ;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace ;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm :
Till in th' Effigie of R U M P S, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Insect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House ;
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermine did at first proceed.
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
Of

Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts;
That first run all Religion down;
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Perſian Magi* once
Upon their *Mother's* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other way :
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his *Mother*,
That bore them like the Devils Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'r al Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'reſt for their Common Good,
Could when their Profits interſer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd :
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their trueſt Characters,
Their conſtant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebelliſg

Rebelling now began for lack
Of Zeal and Plunder to grow slack ;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue, and the Church's.
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd ;
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and Cry*.
For *Presbyter* and *Independant*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their *Apostolick Functions*
On *Carnal Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias* ;
At *Michael's Term* had many a Trial,
Worse than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,

Where

Where thousands fell in shape of Bees,
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.
For when, like Brethren and like Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And every Partner to possess
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,
In which the Ablest Saint and Best
Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,
To pay their Money; and, instead
Of ev'ry Brother pass the Deed;
He strait converted all his Gifts,
To Pious Frauds and Holy Shifts;
And settled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*,
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail of Providence*;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no Title to Estates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This

This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on ;
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' Utter Barrister of Swanswick ;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old ;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unsanctifi'd Trustees :
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow,
Or Both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyters* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd and Chows'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To Strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlightned Men,

As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick* ;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any *Sect i' th' Nation*.
The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
With *Knowledg*, and does still invite
The *World* to *Mischief* with *New Light*,
Had store of *Money* in her *Purse*,
When he took her for *bett'r or worse* ;
But now was grown *Deform'd* and *Poor*,
And fit to be turn'd out of *Door*.

The *Independants* (whose first station
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,)
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid,
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray and Murther*)
No

No sooner got the Start to lurch
Both Disciples, of *War* and *Church*,
And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
'T attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
Wh' had compast all they Pray'd, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the Spoils of all th' had ransackt,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,

They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd ;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demolish*.

For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their best,
To Damn the Publick Interest ;
And Herded only in Consults
To put by one another's Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian Labourers*,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim :
So those who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The Publick Business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.

This

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down ;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated,
For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game ;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their *Adversaries* and the *Devil*,
Began once more to shew them Play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
T' appoint *New-rising Rendezvous*,

And with a Pertinacity unmatch'd
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd :
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started.
And, as if Nature too in hast,
To furnish our Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd Destruction
T' a new and numerous Production ;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their Room,
That, like the Christian Faith increast
The more, the more they were supprest :
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transportation*,
Prescription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,
Nor all the desperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From ven'tring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown ;

But

But kept the Title of their Cause
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws :
And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation,
Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loyl'ty in Possession ;
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the mighty Men of Gath.

To'st'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign* ;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miscreants,
To founder in the *Stygian Ferry*,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry* :
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False *Heaven* at the End o' th' *Hall* ;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to translate.
So *Romulus* was seen before
B' as Orthodox a Senator ;

From whose Divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*,
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent* :
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which he leant :
And then sunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from the *Agyptian Awe*
Of Justice, Government and Law,
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To edifie upon the Ruins
Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Church's Top*,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations since.

And

And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures :
For when they came to shape the *Model,*
Not one could fit another's Noddle ;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging than th' *Unsanctifi'd* ;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove Hand to Fist against another,
And still the maddest and most crackt,
Were found the Busiest to Transact,
For though most Hands dispatch apace,
And make light work, (the Proverb says)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects ;
And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Legs,
Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King *Jesus* : Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert* ;
Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,
For *Agitators and the Safety* ;

Some

Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
Of Spiritual *Affidavit-makers*,
That swore to any Humane Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance,
Yea though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant :
Others for pulling down th' High-places
Of *Synods and Provincial Classes*,
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody *Nimrods* :
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise ;
And some against th' *Egyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days, and paying Poundage* :
Some for the cutting down of *Groves* :
And rectifying Bakers Loaves ;
And some for finding out Expedients
Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.
Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,
And some for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
As Men mest fit t' hold forth the Word
And weild the one, and th' other Sword.

Some

Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk* :
Some for engaging to suppress
The *Camisado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward* ;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.
Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
With which th' unsanctify'd *Bridegroom*
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb* ;
(As wise as Ringing of a *Pig*,
That uses break up ground and Dig ;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her *Will*,
That nulls the After-Marriage still,
Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation ;
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Christian or Surname of Saint* ;

And

And force all *Churches, Streets, and Towns,*
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Some'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls,*
And bringing down the Price of Coals.
Some for *Abolishing Black-Pudding,*
And eating nothing with the Bloud in ;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches :
While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and now and then
The *Flesh of Kings and mighty Men* ;
And Some for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones* ;
For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.
Things that the *Legend* never hear'd of,
But made the wicked sore afraid of.
The Quacks of Government (who sate
At th' unregarded *Helm of State,*
And understood this wild Confusion,
Of fatal Madness and Delusion,
Must, sooner than a Prodigie,
Portend Destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd

Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw
And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law ;
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in War ;
And therefore met in Consultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation ;
Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take ;
To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
More wise than fumbling Arteries ;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave recover — *Gain*.
Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon* ;
So Politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Spy ;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink ;
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.

H' had seen three Governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rrous when they came to fall ;
For by *Trappanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the new one ;
Plaid true and faithful, though against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t'a feeble *State-Camelion*,
By giving aim from side to side.
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'er came too late ;
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath ;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
In't highest Trust, and out for New,
For when h' had happily incur'd,
Instead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And past upon the Government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went ;

Bac

But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks ; he spoil'd his Game,
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To shew his play at *Fast and Loose* ;
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most profound
At Deeds of Darkness under ground :
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.
By all these Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For

For as Old Sinners have all Points
O'th' Compass in their Bones and Joints ;
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own, the Age of Moons ;
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel pain
Some days before a Shower of Rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' insure his Throat ;
And hither came t' observe and smoak
What courses other Riskers took :
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To Match this Saint, there was another,
As busie and perverse a Brother,
An Habberdasher of Small Wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs ;
More Jew than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel :

For

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went farther,
So sullenly addicted still
To's only Principle, *his Will*,
That whatsoe'r it chanc'd to prove
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle :
In which his Parts were so accomplisht,
That right or wrong, he ne'r was non-plust ;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its Everlasting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to pickere,

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controversie* :
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing ;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could near amount above a Freak :
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of Sence,
With greater Heat and Confidence :
As bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgell'd*, grow the Stiffer.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated :
For nothing but his Interest
Could lay his Devil of Contest.
It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
T' espouse the Cause for bett'r or worse,
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worship'd it :
But

But when he found the sullen *Trapes*]
Possest with th' *Devil, Worms, and Claps* ;
The *Trojan Mare* in Foal with *Greeks*
Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks* ,
Though Squeamish in her outward Woman ;
As loose and rampant as *Dol Common* ;
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
'T adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer :
For *Fools are stubborn in their way* ;
As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay* :
And *Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff*,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.
These two, with others, being met,
And close in Consultation set ;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The Orator we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of State,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first Audience,

After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More than to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead :
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns ;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others ;
But, in their own sense, only swor•
To strive to run away before ;
And now would prove, that Words and Oath
Inage us to renounce them both ?

'Tis

CANTO II. 99

'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't :
And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient, --- (I mean, *Margret's Fast*)
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd ?
Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles like a Child ;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us.
For all our scouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition ;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion ;

(As carnal Seamen in a Storm
Turn pious Converts and reform ;)
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee ;
When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chase to Rochets and White Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted Disaffected,
And close Malignant are detected ;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,
And freely Sacrifice their Ears,
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.

And

CANTO II.

101

And yet for all these Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit like Block-heads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,
And nothing but our Tongue at large,
To get the Wretches a Discharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, e'er the blow, become meer Dolts ;
Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to stay
Nor wit enough to run away,
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand, or fall (at least) together :
No mean nor trivial solaces
To Partners in extream distress,
Who use to lessen their Dispair's,
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier ;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among

G 4

But

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left, or Wit ;
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course ;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our last and best Defence, Despair ;
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greatest streights,
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
By b'ing courageously out-brav'd,
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poisons by themselves expell'd,
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, Men ;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against our selves with Fate :
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.

For

For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,
Or St. *Ignatius* at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State ;
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And since Obedience is better
(The *Scripture* says) than Sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat' st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question.
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells ;
And bid themselves turn-back agen
Lord May'rs of *New Jerusalem*.
But look so big and over-grown,
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,

Who

Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones and sanctifi'd expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on those that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes :
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And Teach, the House of Commons way ?
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases ?
Without whose sprinkling and Sowing,
Who had e'er heard of *Nye* or *Owen* ?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our *Adoniram Bifield*.
And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate :
Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter ;
Abates

Abates the sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege.
And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints
As naturally grow Miscreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.
Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and shew than sense.
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State ;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'russ*, wears three Heads as well :
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,

Which

Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers still, like other Goats,
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious fewds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and Rant,
And Independents, to profess
The Doctrine of Dependences ;
Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones :
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.
For now the war is now between
The Brethren and the Men of sin ;
But Saint and Saint, to Spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood ;
Where

Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Of Zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause :
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones ?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings and mighty Men ?
When Friends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves ?
When Bell's at Union with the *Dragon*,
And Ball-Pear Friends with *Dagon*,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both ?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold ?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No Notice of the Danger take ?

also T

But

But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal ;
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of Gallowes and Ropes
Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while ?
At least until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprise
By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who unedrstand their Workings out ;
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'er restore.

We whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine ;
Took

Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously out of our Hands ;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as Ministerial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still as we had begun :
But true and Faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Cart-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like Tallyes to the Stumps,
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Vessels, like a New
Seal'd Peck or Bushel, b'ing true.

But

But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men :
Our inward Men and constant Frame,
Of Spirit still were near the same.
And till they first began to Cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne're had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free-Grace ;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the Common Enemy :
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*.
And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward shew of Church Communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs ;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of Repentance :

But

CANTO II. iii

But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had so painfully Preach'd down ;
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay :
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about ;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King :
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought ;

H

And

And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And easier past upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juffify'd.
The World is nat'rally averse
To all the Truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Nonsense and a Lye,
With Greediness and Gluttony,
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong :
As Women long, when th' are with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom,
But seldom any thing that's wholsom ;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernols
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles ;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no sence else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapses make Diseases
More desp'rate than their first AccesSES;

If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier than before ;
And we more ready and expert ;
I th' Mystery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first War to create, than make :
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on ;
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own :
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w'are better vers'd ;
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd ?
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms our Discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence :
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Caus'e's Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
In just so many Years of Blood :

That multipli'd by Six, express'd
The perfect number of the Beast.
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this Work about agen :
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation :
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but We alone ?
What Churches have such able Pastors ?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Masters ?
Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
O'er Brethrens Purses and Opinions ?
And trusted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses ;
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they please,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands :
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are ;)

From

CANTO II. 115

From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions ;
And share them from Blue Ribbands down,
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in Calleches.
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as Fat as Mother *Nab*,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ti'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side :
Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant :
I mean our Covenants to purchase,
Delinquents Titles and the Churches :
That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our selves, for Current Land,
And Rise or Fall, like *Indian Actions*,
According to the Rate of Factions,
Our best Reserve for Reformation,
When New Out-goings give occasion :
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) to assert :

116 CANTO II.

And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,
Who can already muster Friends,
To serve for members, to our Ends,
That represent no part o' th' Nation,
But *Fisher's-Folly* Congregation :
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out-faft, out-loiter, and out-sit :
Can order matters under-hand,
To put all Bui'ness to a stand :
Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out ;
Divert the Great and Necessary,
With Trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the Nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament ;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On *Plato's Year* ; but finish none,
Unless it be the Bulls of *Lembab*,
That always past for Fundamental,

Can

Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges ;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins ; th' only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope :
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce, our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t' act their Parts.
Know what a Leading Voice is worth ;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth :
How much a Casting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of *I*, or *No* ;
And by adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost ;
Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.

H4 These

These are the Courses that we took
To carry things, by Hook or Crook :
And practis'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door ;
Besides the Herds of *Boutefeus*,
We set on work, without the House.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen.

Kept Legislative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabbles Sense ;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
With Politick Important Buzzes :
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Designs without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our present Use.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearse.
Make Q's of Answers to way lay
What th' other Party's like to say :
What Repartees, and smart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections :

And

And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest :
Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions :
And Treason for a Token send,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men like Burglary, commit :
Wit, falser than a Padder's Face,
That, all its Owner does, betrays :
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling, to be seen.
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
Be sure to keep up Congregations,
In spight of Laws and Proclamations ;
For Chiarlatans can do no good ;
Until th' are mounted in a Crowd :
And when th' are punish'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't ;
As long as Confessors are sure
Of double Pay for all th' endure :

And

And what they earn in Persecution,
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made
In Powd'ring-Tubs their richest Trade :
And while they kept their Shops in Prison,
Have found their Prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least Regret
For all the Christian Blood w' have let ;
'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
Our Title to do so again :
That needs not cost one drop of Sense,
But pertinacious Impudence :
Our Constancy t' our Principles,
In time will wear out all things else :
Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kisses :
While those who turn and wind their Oaths
Have swell'd, and funk like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
Before from World to World they swung :
As they had turn'd from side to side ;
And as the Changlings liv'd, they di'd.

This

This said ; th' impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himself no longer ;
Who had not spar'd to shew his Picques,
Against th' Haranguer's Politicks ?}
With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h' had ministred a Dose
Of Snuff-Mundungus, to his Nose ;
And powder'd th' inside of his Skull,
Instead of th' outward Jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful Look
On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke :
In Dressing a Calf's Head altho'
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near :
For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With such insufferable Rambles ?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing ?
Which none could do, but those who swore
T' as Point blank Nonsense heretofore :
That

That to Defend was to invade,
And to Assassinate, to Aid :
Unless because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly, to all your Uses.
Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made ;
And Weapons dress'd with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Salve,
Or Vertue in them as the Vermine,
Those who have tri'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation ;
B' us'd so unconscionable hard,
As not to find a just Reward.

For

For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further :
And setting all the Land on Fire.
To burn t' Scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State :
And not b' allow'd the fittest Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Especially that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face ;
Who, when your Projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at Second Hand,
As we have been to share the Guilt
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt :
For so our Ignorance was flam'd,
To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd :
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon ;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet :

(For

(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the self same Score :)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul Play :
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernols,
From searching upon lofty Poles :
And rescued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators :
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude :
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To fits of Conscience and Remorse :
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New Again :
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies :

And

And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and False,
To charge us with the Consequences
Of all your Native Insolences ;
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels :
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for Precedent :
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murder and Rebellion-Texts :
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to sow upon :
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use :
As *Mahomet* (your Chief began
To mix them in the *Alchoran* :
Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion :
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans :
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind :

Fill'd

Fill'd Bedlam with *Predestination*,
And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination* :
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*.
While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd
For being to Malignants marri'd,
Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,
Whose Husbands are not for the Cause :
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel;
Because they came not out to Battel:
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of b'ing transform'd to *Meroz* ;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus*
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
T' obey and follow your Commands :
And settle on a New Free-hold,
As *Marcty-Hill* had done of Old,
Could turn the Covenant, and translate
The *Gospel* into Spoons and Plate:
Expoind

Exound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th' intricatest Places :
Could Catechise a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;
Until the Cause became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias*, the wicked *Mammon*.

And yet, in spite of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up in Arms ;
And raise more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out :
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools ;
Who, tho' but gifted at your Feet,
Have made it plain they have more Wit.
By whom y' have been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command :
Out-gifted, Out-impos'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd ;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate :
I And

And spirited out of th' Enjoyments,
Of precious, edifying Employments ;
By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution ;
And though, most righteously opprest,
Against your Wills, still acquiest :
And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,
Nor snuffed Treason, nor Misprision.
That is, because you never durst ;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas ! you were no longer able
To raise your *Poſſe* of the Rabble :
One single Red-Coat Sentinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell ;
And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse :
We know too well those tricks of yours
To leave it ever in your Powers :
Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Disposing of Out-goings ;

Or

Or to your Ord'ring Providence,
One farthings-worth of Consequence.

For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man ;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the means.
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out :
Brave Undertakers to restore,
That could not keep your selves in pow'r,
T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

Tis true, you have (for Il'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both ;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;
For 'twas your zealous want of Sence,
And sanctify'd Impertinence ;
Your carrying Bus'ness in a huddle ;
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model ;

130 CANTO II.

Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
T' your Great *Croysado*, General.
Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,
That sprung the Game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your Spight to see the Church's Lands
Divided into other Hands,
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
By Under-Churches in the Town;
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independents spreading Growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
None bring him in so much as you;
Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
The Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own rash Politicks.

And

And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th'Affair ;
Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews,
From Pharo, and his Brick-kilns loose :
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
From Task-Masters, and Slavery :
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit ;
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation ?
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were sequestred int'other Hands :
For, only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were opened to restore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who crost it, but your selves alone ?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But first o'th'first ; The Isle of *Wight*
Will rise up, if you should deny't ;
Where *Henderson*, and th'other Masses,
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases :

To pass for deep and Learned Scholars ;
Although but Palty *Ob* and *Sollers* :
As if th' unseasonable Fools
Had been a Coursing in the Schools ;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' Cov'nant ; and the Cause, his *Daughter* :
For when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been spilt ;
They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion
In Person, like *Sir Pride*, or *Hughson* ;
But only those who first begun
The Quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation Termagants ?
But 'ere this past, the wise Debate
Spent so much Time, it grew too late ;
For *Oliver* had gotten Ground,
T' inclose 'em with his Warriors, round :
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.
Nor had the *Uxbridge* Bus'ness less
Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishness ;
When

CANTO II. 133

When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law,
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw ;
And sacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.

So when the *Scots*, your constant Cronies,
Th' Espousers of your Cause and Monies :
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been soundly paid ;
Came in at last for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
You basely left them, and the Church,
They'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true *Philistines*.

This shews what Utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you ;
And if he take you into Trust,
Will find you most exactly just :

Such as will punctually repay
With double Int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part ;
Or those who turn from Side, to Side ;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who Change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues :
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd as in Out-of fashion'd Cloaths :
And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes ;
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in,
While Pow'r usurp'd, like stolen Delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.

And

And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w' haye but Sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give :
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own :
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding :
Who, twixt your inward Sense, and outward,
Are worse, than if y'had none, accoutred.

I grant, All Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again ;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, *How?*
'Tis true ! w'have Money, th'only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before ;
Money,

Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things :
And therefore need not doubt our Play,
Has all Advantages that way ;
As long as Men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well ;
Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice
T' expose to Sale ; beside the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.
Nor is our Money les our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down ;
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are bought in Play upon't ;
Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win ?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments :
For, when w' are taken into Trust,
How easie are the wisest chous'd ?

Who

Who see but th' Outsidcs of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights ;
And while th' are basie, at their Ease,
Can carry what Designs we please :
How easie is't to serve for Agents,
To prosecute our own Engagements ?
To keep the *Good Old Caae* on foot,
And prevent Pow'r from taking Root ?
Inflame them both with false Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms ;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
From healing up of Side to Side,
Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
For both their Interests, by Turns.
The only Way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none ;
(As Bowls run true by being made
On purpose false, and to be fway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
?Twould turn us out of both together :
And therefore have no other Means,
To stand upon our own Defence :

But

But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty :
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Ventures,
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t'Espouse ;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State ;
To join in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themselves Converse.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind :
Take all Religions in and stickle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle ;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conscience,
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense :
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary :
And

And stand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit :
Protect their Emissaries, impowr'd
To preach Sedition and the Word :
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
Release the Lab'rers for the Cause ;
And turn the Persecution back,
On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law ;
And when they have their Fits too soon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon :
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Season,
For sowing Faction in, and Treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Blessed Time shall come,
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
They may be ready to restore
Their own *Fifth-Monarchy*, once more ;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Against Revolts of Providence ;

By

By watching narrowly, and shapping
All blind Sides of it, as they happen :
For, if Success could make us Saints,
Our Ruine turn'd us Miscreants :
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,
Spite of our Hearts, or be undone :
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
But do your Work, as out of Sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :
All Licence of the People own,
In Opposition to the Crown.
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The Head and Body to divide.
The End of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind :
Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen ;
For 'tis as easie to supplant
Authority, as Men in Want :

As

As some of us, in Trusts, have made
The one Hand with the other trade ;
Gain'd vastly by their Joint Endeavour :
The Right a Thief, the Left, Receiver ;
And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.
For Gain has wonderful Effects,
T' improve the Factory of Sects :
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great *Diana* of th' *Ephesians* :
Whence turning of Religion's made
The Means to turn and wind a Trade.
And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course ;
And draw in store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce :
For all Religions flock together,
Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather ;
To nab the Itches of their Sects :
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis Hypocrisie, as well,
Will serve t'improve a Church, as Zeal :

As

As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow:
For things in order are put out
So easie, Ease it self will do't.
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bear th'event?
For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions start,
The Weighty'st Matters to divert:
Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in Affairs of less import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own:

The

The least Miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State :
Express the horrid'ſt Detestation,
And pity the distracted Nation.
Tell Stories, ſcandalous and false,
In th' proper Language of Cabals :
Where all a ſubtil States-man fays
Is half in Words, and half in Face :
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entrust it under solemn Vows :
Of Mum and Silence, and the Rose,
To be Retail'd again in Whispers,
For th'easie credulous to diſperſe.

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And straight another, all agaſt,
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste :
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath* ;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That beastly Rabble,— that came down
From all the Garrets—in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards---in vast Swarms,
With new chalk'd Bills,— and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause---up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of Door;
Are now drawn up,— in greater Shoals,
To Roast—and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees—of our Members
Are Carbonading on—the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burghesses—
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geese
That serve for Characters—and Badges,
To represent their Personages.
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to Roast—and Broil alive;
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already sacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W're Grylly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:
Some,

Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigie, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags to personate
Respective Officers of State ;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrb'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Listed under *Dun* ;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most Primitive :
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is chosen for a Fifth agen ;
(For, since the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's listed in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way ;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em :

And, to the largest Bonefire riding,
Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride-m.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow Members wait ;
And March in order, two and two,
As at Thanksgiving th' us'd to do :
Each in a tatter'd *Talismane*,
Like Vermine in Effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beast ;
Set up by Popish Engineers ;
As by the Crackers plainly appears ;
For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition ;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the Charge of all her Stores ;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines ;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels :

Now

Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets ;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites ;
More like to Ruin and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State Mysteries ;
Though some suppose, 'twas but a shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the Few :
Who, 'cause th' are wafted to the Stumps,
Are represented best by Rumps.

But Jesuits have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches :
And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,
Found out this Mystick way to jear us.

For, as the *Egyptians* us'd, by Bees,
T'express their Antick *Ptolemies* ;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r :
Because these subtil Animals
Bear all their Interests in their Tails ;

1481 CANTO II.

And when th'are once impar'd in that,
Are banish'd their Well order'd State :
They thought, all Governments were best,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps express't.

For as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all ;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm :
With which, like Vessels under Sail,
Th'are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
Their Courses with, through Sea and Air ;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The same thing with the Stern and Compas.
This shews, how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Rests with his Tail above his Head ;
So in this Mungril State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers,
That Hors'd us on their Backs to show us
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luz*,
I' th' Rump of Man, of such a Virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th' other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump Bone, the Parliament?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections;
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th'are all expi'd,
And th'House, as well as Members, fir'd,
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t'ungoverning Distress,
And Poultry, Private Wretchedness;

150 CANTO II.

Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration :
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Control.

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke ;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns keep multitudes in Awe :
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off,
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats ;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall :
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge,
And others who, by restless scraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine ;
Have

CANTO II. 151

Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last;
And to be but done, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail;
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.

This said, a near and louder Shout
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout:
Who now Begun t' out-run their Fear,
As Horses do, from those that bear:
But crowded on, with so much haste,
Until th' had block'd the Passage fast;
And Barridaco'd it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches:
That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a Crip led piece
Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van-Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Earlorn Rere;

But

But born down headlong by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid Cookery of the Rabble :
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly ;
And beat a *Tuscan* Running Horse,
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

The ARGUMENT of the
THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Enchanted Bow'r by Night :
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute :
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprize :
But first Resolves to try by Letter,
And once more fair Address, to get her.*

CANTO III.

Who would believe what strange Bugbears
Mankind creates it self, of Fears ?
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed ;
And have no possible Foundation,
But m erry in th' Imagination :
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than *Hags*, with all their *Imps* and *Teats* :
Make

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their *Narseries of Elves*.
For Fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences ;
As *Rosi-crusian Vertuoso's*,
Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses* :
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both, supply'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the Dark *see Visions*,
And hag themselves with *Apparitions* :
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
Do things not contrary alone
To th' Course of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the Bravest daunt,
And turn Poltroons as valiant ;
For Men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when th' are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying :

Or

Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like Lions, Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, sent
From Marshal Legion's Regiment ;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat :
When nothing but Himself, and Fear,
Was both the *Imps* and *Conjurer* :
As by the Rules o' th' *Vertuosi*,
It follows in due *Form of Posse*.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight :
At *Blindman's-Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear of *Night and Day* :
Who took his dark and desp'rare Course,
He knew no better than his Horse ;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed.

Dis-

Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best* ;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side :
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Roved the Horse* ;
And when the Hackney Sails most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)
So though he post'd e're so fast ;
His Fear was greater than his *Haste* :
For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t' appear,
And shift t'*another Scene* his Fear ;
He found his new Officious *Shade*,
That came so timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to *Ralph's shape* ;
So like in *Person, Garb and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t'interpret which was which.

For

For *Ralph* had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t'unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight.
And while he gave himself Diversion,
T'accommodate his Beast and Person ;
And put his Beard into a Posture,
At best Advantage to accost her :
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
(For his Reception) aforesaid :
But when the Ceremony was done,
The Lights put out, and Furies gone ;
And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
Convey'd away, as *Ralph* guess'd :
The wretch'd Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himself ;
The Knight mistook him for an Elf,
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man :
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's stead,

And

And act the *Saint's* and *Devils* Part,
With undistinguishable Art :
They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes ;
And therefore, to resolve the Doubt ;
He stat'd upon him, and cry'd out ;
What art ? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night ?
Some busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue ?
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of those
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose ;
But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has drag'd your Dunship out o' th'Mite ;
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int'a Beast, have freed you ;
And, though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (*quoth the Kt.*) and stranger :
Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth

Quoth he, Th' Infernal Conjurer
Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said and did,
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not see him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries ought of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?
Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, *Jezabel*;
That laugh'd and teh-hed with derision,
To see them take your Deposition.
What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Devil, to examine me?
A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it;

In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Hellish Fear*?
Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit:
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The

The Knight, who now began to find
Th'had left the Enemy behind ;
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain ;
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th'advantage of the Day :
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good,
He ventur'd to dismiss his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,
And gives the desperat'st Attack
To danger still behind its Back.
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T'examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly ;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd ?
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
Tost like a Foot-ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

Quoth he, It was thy Cowardice
That made me from this Leaguer rise ;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew :
To slight my new Acquests, and run
Victoriously, from Battels won,
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost.
To make me put my self to flight ;
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night,
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durst never have presum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage ;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal Fight renew ;
And, to preserve thy Outward Man,
Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth *Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve my self, but you.
You who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs.
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse
Than managing a Wooden Horse:
Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Yet had not reason to complain:
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To Blame the Hand that paid your Ransom;
And rescued your obnoxious Bones,
From unaaoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
And we diabl'd and unhors'd:
Disarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;
And no way left, but basty Flight.
Which, though as desperate in th' Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,

'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of Man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I with Reason chose
This Stratagem, t' amuse our Foes,
To make an Hon'able Retreat,
And wave a total sure Defeat:
For, those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil.

Is held the gallantest Course, and bravest,
To great Exploits, as well as safest:
That spares th' Expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As those that never trust to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the stoutest Resolution;
As Earth-quakes kill without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients Crown'd their bravest Men
That only sav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go Halves, at least, i' th' Victory:
And sometime, when their Loss is small,
And Danger great, they challenge all:

Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazzetes ;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.
To settle the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells ;
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lye,
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have raisd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks.
For those who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Those win the Day, that win the Race ;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Slights.

Re-

Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy and Champagne.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vitæ,
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum,
Whom th' uncontrol'd Degrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate.

With, which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return :
Or else their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land ;
And who those were that run way,
And yet gave out th' had won the day :
Although the Rabble souc'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.

For,

For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unless it be to Hounds of Cattel :
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole Design of th' Expedition,
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out :
As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one way,
To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,
And those atchieve the high'st Renown,
That bring the other's Stomach down.
There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming,
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine ;
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no need, nor use of Courage,
Unless it be for Glory, or Forage :
For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rear :
And

And forc'd with terrible Resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
T' pick out Ground t' incamp upon,
Where store of largest Rivers run,
That serve instead of Peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriers.
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the stouter hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted ;
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs ;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold :
And he's prov'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.
So, th' Emperor *Caligula*,
That triumph'd o'er the *Briish* Sea ;
Took

Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curasiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles:
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And lest all War by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this Out of fashion'd course;
To hope by stratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battel to subdue her,
Though some have done it in Romances,
And hang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As those, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

And

CANTO III. 171

And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But since those times and seats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such addresses to be gain'd,
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Course 's infesible
As is of force to win the Jezebel,
To storm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather strive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witness the Accord;
Besides two more of her Retinue,
To testifie what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:
For which so many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd;

And

And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,
And that, unless I miss the Matter,
Is all the Busines you look after :
Besides Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than those in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion:
Has more of Honour in't some hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old,
When those the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And wing'd Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead :
So all the Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen ;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In Words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right ;

For

For whether you Prevail or Lose,
All must be try'd there in the close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, e'er y' have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woe;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as safe, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride,
And put her Person, Goods or Lands;
Or which you like best, int' your Hands.

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,
Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civii War,
In which th' ingage with fiercer Dudgeons
Than e'er the *Grecians* did and *Trojans*,
They never manage the Contest,
T' impair their publick Interest ;
Or by their Controversies lessen
The dignity of their Profession :

Not

Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause and Side,
And though w' are all as near of Kindred,
As th' Outward Man is to the Inward ;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more sober sense:
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their best Advantages,
Of other's quarrels, like the Swiss :
And out of Foreign Controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their Purses ;
But have no int'rest in the Cause,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws :
Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
Whether they lose or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in a. Ages,
With Sundry learned Clerks, and Sages ;
Though all their be dispute,
With which they canvas every Suit ;
Th' have no Disputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert :

While

While all Professions else are found,
With nothing but Disputes t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and Physicians;
Philosophers, Mathematicians ;
The Gallenist, and Paracelsan.
Condemn the way each other deal in.
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out Work to wrangle ;
Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes ;
And Heralds stickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation.
T' expose their Trade to Disputation ;
Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges :
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no Mountebank, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats ;
When in all other Sciences,
They swarm, like Insects and Increase !

For what Bigot durst even draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth; by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration?

For those that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their fingers, if th' are Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*,
To edifie by *Ralphe's Gifts*,
But in appearance cry'd 'em down,
To make them better seem his own,
All *Plagiary's Constant Course*
Of *sinking*, when they *take a Purse*,
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,

And

And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution as his own.

Quoth he ; This Gambol thou advisest,
Is of all others the unwiseſt ;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but the Experieſe ;
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverse
My ſuit and Title to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbids,
O'erthrew me, as the Fidler did ;
What after-course have I to take,
Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake ?
He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottish Chouſe,
Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning Men,
To help him to his Goods agen :
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain.

And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main Force,
Is now in vain ; by fair Means, worse :
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But it is bad t' attempt, or worse :
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still ;
Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known :
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue ;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
Betimes enough for his Intent ;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' Advantage of the Business gains :

For

For Courts of Justice understand
The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand :
Who, what he pleases, may aver,
The other, nothing till he swear :
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his Place :
And for his bringing Custom in,
Has all Advantages to win.

I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counsel to advise
Which way t' encounter, or surprize,
And after long Consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' Occasion ;
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

And *Old dull Sot*; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years at *Bridewell-dock*.
At *Westminster*, and *Hicks's Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Docktius* play'd in all;

Where in all *Goverments and Times*,
He had been both *Friend* and *Foe* to *Crimes*,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring Justice*, or maintaining :
To many a Whore gave *Privilege*,
And whip'd, for *want of Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bauds to Prison sent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a trusty *Pimp* and *Crony*,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of money.
Engag'd the *Constable* to seize
All those that would not break the *Peace* ;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes *Commoners*, or *Lords* :
And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,
For being *sober at all hours*,
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made *Monsters fine* and *Puppet plays*,
For leave to Practice, in their ways :
Farm'd out all *Cheats* and went a share,
With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*,

And

CANTO III. 166

And made the Dirt 'ith Streets Compound,

For taking up the publick Ground :

The Kennel, and the King's High way,

For being unmolested, Pay.

Let out the Stocks, and Whipping Post,

And Cage, to those that gave him most ;

Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,

And for False Weights on Chandlers.

Made Victuallers and Vintners Fine

For Arbitrary Ale, and Wine.

But was a kind and constant Friend

To all that Regularly offend :

As Residentiary Bawds,

And Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods ;

That cheat in Lawful Mysteries,

And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees ;

But was implacable, and awker'd,

To all that Interlop'd and Hawker'd.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs

For Council in his Law-Affairs ;

And found him mounted, in his Pew,

With Books, and Money plac'd, for Shew,

Like *Neft-Eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,
And for his false Opinion pay :
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put of his Hat, to put his Case :
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteously strain'd.
And to assure him, 'twas not that.
He look'd for ; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, There is one *Sidrophel*,
Whom I have cudgel'd—*Very well*.
And now he brags t' have beaten me.
Better and better still, quoth he,
And vows to stick me to the Wall
Where e'er he meets me—*Best of all*.
'Tis true the Knave has taken 's Oath,
That I robb'd him —*Well done in Troth*,
When h' has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took ;
Which was the Cause that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again----*marry hang him*
Now whether I should, before-hand
Swear he robb'd me? ---- *I understand*.

Or

Or bring my *Action of Conversion*
And *Trover* for my Goods? --- *Ah, Whorson.*
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial? — *Right.*
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' State against him? --- *True.*
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Case has the better End on't;
Who putting in a New Cross-Bill,
May traverse th' Action — *Better still.*
Then there's a Lady too. — *I marry,*
That's easily prov'd accessary.
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all — *Good Lord!*
Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel*,
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell*.
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my Life, — *Make that appear.*
Made an assault, with Fiends and Men,
Upon my body. — *Good agen.*

And

And kept me in a deadly fright
And false Imprisonment all Night,
Meanwhile, they rob'd me, and my Horse,
And stole my Saddle, — *worse and worse*;
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
To avoid a wretcheder miscarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Batterie,
As heart can wish, and need not shame,
The proudest Man alive to claim.
For if th' had us'd you, as you say;
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
I would it were my Case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe.

I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose.
And if I durst, I would advance
As much, in Ready Maintenance;

As

As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law severely contrabands,
Our taking Business off Mens hands;
'Tis common Barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And crops them till there is not Leather,
To stick a Pin in, left of either
For which, some do the Summer-sault
And o're the Bar, like Tumblers, vault,
But may you swear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat —)
For Justice though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side enclin'd;
Like Charity, else right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out so long,

And

And like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Conveys Men Interest, and Right,
From Stile's Pocket, into Noke's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus*.

Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doctius*.

Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your Wife :
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters Pass,

The Business to the Law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon.

And you can want no Witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please.

That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labour of their Consciences,
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To *Affidavit*-Customers :

At inconsiderable values,
To serve for for Jury-men, or Tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
Of Trustees, and Administrators,

For,

CANTO III. 187

For that, *Quoth he*, let me alone;
W' have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.

That's well! *Quoth he*, But I should Guesse,
By weighing of Advantages;
Your surest way is first to Pitch
On *Bongey*, for a Water-witch:
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th' Int'rim; Spare for no Trepans,
To draw her Neck, into the Bands;
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait, 'em well, for Quirks, and Quilletts
With Trains t' inveigle and surprise,
Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's:
And if she miss the Moustrap-Lines,
They'll serve for other By-Designs:
And make an Artist understand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To steal in something to Intrap her.

'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of her heart, she has endow'd ye.

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
That ply the Temples, under Trees.
Or walk the Round, with Knights o'th Posts;
About the Crofs-leg'd Knights, their Hosts,
Or wait for Customers, between
The Pillar-Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*.
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
Their only Necessary Tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
And when y'are furnish'd with all Purveys,
I shall be ready at your Service,
I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
A straw to understand a Case,
Without the admirable skill
To Wind, and manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,
Against the Weather-gage of Laws;

And

And Ring the Changes upon Cases,
As plain, as Noses upon Faces.
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.
I long to practice your advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To Bait a Letter as you bid,
As not long after thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

An

An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady.

I Who was once as great as Caesar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise in Battel*,
By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattle*.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness.
Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.
Lost to the World, and you, I'me sent
To Everlasting Banishment
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' have won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own,
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom; before you hear,

WHO

You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence:
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurors*,
For there's a difference in the case
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base*:
Who always are observ'd t' have don't;
Upon as different an account:
The one for *great, and weighty Cause*,
To salve in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those, wh' are nicest of their Honour.
The other for *base Gain, and Pay*,
Forswear, and Perjure, by the Day;
And make th' exposing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal*, or *Aspersion*,
Upon a *Great and Noble Person*,
To say, he *Nat'rally abhorr'd*
Th' old fashion'd Trick, to keep his *Word* ;
Though 'tis perfidiousnes, and shame,
In meaner Men, to do the same.
For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more useful, to *the Great* :
Than *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wondrous *Wise*.
But though the *Law* on *Perjurers*,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears* ;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The Guilty, and *punish th' Innocent*,
To make the *Ears*, repair the *wrong*,
Committed by *th' ungovern'd Tongue* ;
And when one *Member* is *forsworn*,
Another to be *cropt or torn*.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of *Law* recover mine.
You're like, if you consider right,
To Gain but little Honour by't.

For

Hudibras to his Lady. 193

For he that for his Lady's sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at Stake,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But Sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem good Service, than a Fault,
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Sense*, the Words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage:
And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,
Are found void, and for none effect.
For no Man takes, or keeps a Vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little;
For as best temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest Oaths are still more tough,
And though they bow, are breaking-proof.

Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater Latitude ?
For as the Law of Arm approves
All ways to conquests, so *should Loves* ;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest, that prevails,
For how can that which is above,
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love* ;
Submit it's great Prerogative,
To any other power alive ?
Shall love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the subject of a *Case* ?
The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
Be over-rul'd ! by those made after ?
Commit the censure of *its Cause*
To any, but it's own *Great Laws* ?
Love, that's the World's preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive ?
Controls the *Mighty Pow'r of Fate*,
And gives Mankind a longer Date.
The Life of Nature, that restores,
And fast as *Time* and *Death* devours,

To

To whose Free-Gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heaven too :
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Interest of State in Heaven*,
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love*,
To represent the *Joys above*?
Or who, but Lovers, can converse,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse ?
Address and complement by Vision,
Make Love, and Court by Intuition ?
And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers ?
Then how can any thing offend
In order to so great an *End*?
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own Supply was meant ?
That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for th' Offences sake.
Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to th' injury of *Laws*,

What Tyranny can disapprove
There should be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:
That have no Passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative ;
And 'tis in *Crowns*, a nobler Gem,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant fault,
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success;
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not strive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design ;
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love Power* ;
And

And after letting Blood and Parging,
Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging ;
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd, by Goblins, in the Night ;
Insulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,
With rude Invasion of his Beard ;
And when your Sex was foully scand'l'ed.
As foully by the Rabble handled ;
Attack'd by despicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his Guard ;
When Horses being spur'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd ;
Or why should you, whose Mother-Wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
That with your Breeding Teeth begin,
And Nursing Babies, that Lie in ;
B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon
Our CullySex, and we use none ?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Against your Stratagems t' oppose ?

Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down,
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye* ;
Retire the more; the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.
As *Pyrats* all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to surprize us, spread
The borrow'd Flags of White and Red.
Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, the *Picts* :
And raise more Devils with their Looks,
Than *Conjurers* less subtil Books.
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towers*, and *Curls*, and *Perriwigs*,
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than *Phillip Nye's* *Thanks-giving-beard*.
Prepost'roufly t' intice, and gain,
Those t' adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave
T' his Mistris, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *our great Allie, and Yours,*
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the Blame that can be due
Falls to your Cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confess,
Against my Will and Interest,

More

More than is daily done of course
By all Men, when they're under Force.
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th' *Hang-man and their Prompters please.*
But are no sooner out of Pain
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover,*
And did not steer a nearer Course,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Ravishing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouses feiz'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd :
They ne'er *Forswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd* :
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor plaid the Masquerde to woe.
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
Nor juggled about Settlements :
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Priest*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist ;
Nor Lawyers, to joyn *Land*, and *Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,
Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death them parts* :
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very *Bride's Good Will*.
But took a wife and shorter Course,
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*.
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
As they have often since, us Men ;

With

With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues :
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of *Love, and Flames*, at leisure.
For after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deserves for ev'ry *Minute*, more
Than *half a Year* of Love before :
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won :
And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them. —— It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own :
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,

Though

Though by the indirectest way ;
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, *for bett'r or worse* ;
And gratefully to submit to those
Who you, before another, chose :
For why should ev'ry Savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest* ?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has ?
Because the Laws he since has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had ;
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Woman,
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest Clause, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly understood
Their Privilege, they would make good ;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives,
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.

For

For which Sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are in Slavery,
And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Teachers* ;
And disobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault,
But, I forget my self and rove
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad*, and *true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you* ;
Who have so Sov'rein a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours; *my Soul*:
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too,
Both with an equal Pow'r possest,
To render ail that serve you blest:
But

But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To have, or lose you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release
For so it must be, since you please,)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate upon my Skin.
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For 'tis but just, that I should pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love,
The Knight, pursuing this Epistle,
Believ'd h' he'd brought her to his Whistle;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applause t' himself, twice over,
Subscrib'd his Name, but at as fit,
And humble distance, to his Wit:
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then seal'd it with his Coat of Love
A smoaking Faggot — and above

Upon

Upon a Scroll — *I burn, and weep,*
And near it — *For her Ladyship;*
Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter :
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and learing Flout :
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

*The Lady's ANSWER to
the KNIGHT.*

THAT you're a *Beast* and turn'd to *Grass*,
 Is no strange News, nor ever was;
 At least, to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the Pound *Replevin* you.
 When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won
 In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
 That *Sword*, that did (like *Fate*) determine
 Th' inevitable Death of *Vermine*;
 And never dealt its furious Blows,
 But cut the Threads of *Pigs* and *Cows*;
 By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
 Disarm'd, and wrested from its *Knight*.
 Your Heels *Degraded* of your *Spurs*,
 And in the Stocks, close Prisoners;
 Where still th' had lain in base *Restraint*,
 If I, in pity of your Complaint,

O

Had

Had not on Hon'able Conditions,
Releas't em from the worst of Prisons,
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget ;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made :
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it ;
But after own'd, and justify'd it :
And when y' had safely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.
For while you sneaking by submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet :
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as you due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th' only Course,
Who have no Title nor pretence,
To *Body, Soul or Conscience* :
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.

These

These are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting* ;
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies ;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might recover ;
It is not hard to understand
The *Myst'ry* of this Bold Demand :
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not those *paultry Counterfeit*
French Stanes, which in our Eyes you set,
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Am'rous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those false St. *Martin's Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay for *Reds* ;

And make us wear like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fruel to your scorching Flames,
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our Hair,
The *Perriwigs* you make us wear:
But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,
That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.
These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their fly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle by their Tones,
Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargones*,
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds.
What Rapture's fond, and Amorous
O'th' Charms and *Graces* of my House.
What *Exstasie* and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my Money, in my Name.

What

What from th' unnatural Desire
To Breast, and Cattle, take its Fire.
What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear,
Longs for a Thousand Pound a Year;
And Languishing Transports are sond
Of State, Mortgage, Bill and Bond.
These are th' Attracts which most Men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th' Address with Serenades,
And Court with Balls and Masquerades;
And yet, for all their yearning Pain
Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That all your Oaths, and Labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of Mankind study y't as an Art,
For Love should, like a Dragon,
Still fall to th' Owner of the Land.

And where there's Substance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter Basis
Of *Airy Virtue, Wit and Graces*:
Which is of such thin Subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the Eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again *as nice a way*.

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From solid *Gold, and precious Stones* ;
Must, like its shining Parents prove
As Solid, and as Glorious Love.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
Our *Charms and Graces*, but by these:
For, what are *Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,*
Which Beauty invades, and conquers with?
But *Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds,*
With which a *Philter Love Commands?*

This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their *Childrens Love* ;
That force 'em t' inter-marry and wed,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead.*

Cast

Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, *for Better, or Worse,*
For Money has a Power above
The Stars and Fate, to manage Love:
Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold.*
And though some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names;
Who many times, at once, provide
The Nurse, the Husbaad, and the Brige.
Feel Darts and Charms, Attrails and Flames;
And woe, and contract in their Names,
And as they Christen, use to marry 'em:
And, like their Gossips, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
But sell and prostitute for Money.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing,
Who often do't far worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.

All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done.
No more than *Setters can betray*,
That tell what *Tricks* they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a *Vow* ;
Which all Men either *break*, or *bow* :
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *wooe*?
Such as, before-hand, *swear and lye*,
For *Earnest* to their *Treachery* :
And rather than a *Crime* confess,
With *greater* strive to make it *less* :
Like *Thieves*, who, after *Sentence past*,
Maintain their *Innocence* to th' last.
And when their *Crimes* were made appear
As plain as *Witnesses* can *swear* ;
Yet, when the *Wretches* come to die,
Will take upon their *Deaths* a *Lye*,
Nor are the *Vertues*, you confess'd
'T your *Ghoſtly Father*, as you guess'd;

So

So slight, as to be justifi'd,
By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your Word would pass
Point-blank, on both sides of a Case;
Or Credit were not to be lost,
B' a *Brave Knight-Errant of the Post*,
That eats, perfidiously, his *Word*,
And *swears his Ears thr' a two Inch Board* :
Can own the same thing, and disown;
And *perjure Booty, Pro and Con* :
Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the Vertues, in whose Name,
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
•In *Grace* and *Nature* o'er all Women.
Of whom, no less will satisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To

To govern such a num'rous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once;
You'll find th' are able to subdue,
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false Attracts of your own making;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ingorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To copy Beams and Influences;
To lay Perfections on the Graces,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:
And in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For,

For, by the practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts :
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest Pains and Study cost ;
For great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given.
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*,
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*,
Which, when th' are nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excell.
How far and sweet *the planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges, grows ?
For without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Of Flowers degenerate to Weeds :
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis Ground,
And Polish'd, looks a Diamond ?
Though *Paradise* was ever so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.
The whole World, without *Art* and *Dress*,
Would be but one great *Wilderness* ;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Naature has conferr'd.

This

This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.
Though Women first were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for the magen :
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but for *Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How soon had Mankind had an end ?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *Debt*.
Then where's your liberty of *Choice*,
And our unnatural *No* voice ?
Since all the *Privilege* you boast,
And falsely *usurp'd*, or vainly *lost*,
Is now our right; to whose *Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Restoration*.
And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow, Formal, Politicks*,
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence

Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,
You basely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our Int'rests own;
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers:
And does not make no noise and stir,
Like every common *Mariner*:
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*.
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, because we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the mighty *Prester John*,
Whose Person none dares look upon;
But is preserv'd in *Close Disguise*
From being made *cheap* to *vulgar Eyes*.

W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does Men :
And in the Right of our Pope Joan,
Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down.
Or Joan the Puce's brave Name,
Our Right to Arms and Conduct claim.
Who, though a Spinster, yet was able,
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all Laws ;
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause.
Prescribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,
To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue.
Gainst which the World has no Defence,
But our more pow'ful Eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the World's Affairs of State.
Are Ministers of War and Peace,
That sway all Nations how they please.
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the Heavenly Vehicles
O' th' Spirit, in all Conventicles.

By

By us is all Commerce and Trade
Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Distray'd.
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.
We rule in ev'ry Publick Meeting,
And make Men do what we thing fitting:
Are Magistrates in all Great Towns;
Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns.
We make the Man of War strike Sail,
And to our braver Conduct wait.
And, when h' has chas'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an Officer of State,
Untimely rais'd; or Magistrate,
That's Haughty and Imperious?
He's but a Journey-man to Us.
That as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your Guardians, that increase,
Or Waste your Fortunes how we please:
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, Ill or Well.

'Tis

'Tis We that can dispose alone,
Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own*.
To whose Integrity you must,
In spight of all your Caution, trust.
And 'leſs you fly beyond the Seas,
Can fit you with what Heirs we please:
And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Irish Footmen*.
Nor can the rigorousest Course
Prevail, unless to make us worse.
Who, still the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd.
And scorn t' abate for any Ills,
The leaſt *Punctilio* of our *Wills*.
Force does but whet our Wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat,
For when y' have try'd all sorts of *Ways*,
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword.

To fight our Battels in our steeds,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads :
Encounter in despight of Nature ;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrats, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appease.
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts ;
To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner ;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be knownn :
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projets are preposterous,
To square the Circle of the Arts ;
And run stark mad to shew your Parts.
Exound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we see Causc.
Be our Sollicitors, and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements,
And these are all the Mighty Powers,
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.

224 *The Lady's Answer, &c.*

And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting :
Because your selves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's Pride :
Believe we have as little Wit
To be *out-hestor'd*, and *submit* :
By your *Example*, lose that Right
In Treaties, which we gain'd in *Fight* :
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salique Law* ;
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to *your Mighty Race* :
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were the better *Women*.

FINIS



